## WHOLE FAMILY GOES

Women Folks Take a Hand in the Struggle.

DOWN IN VENEZUELA

BOYS OF TEN MARCH WITH GRANDFATHERS OF SEVENTY.

Indian Peasants Dragged From Their Fields Sometimes Rise to

Eminence.

Written for Tae Evening Star by William Thorp. Waen the rat-a-tat-tat of the drum calls patriotic citizens to arms in the United States and other highly civilized countries the girls are left behind. Husbands and fathers, sweethearts and brothers, go to the front; and the women and children have nothing to do but wait and weep.

It is not so everywhere. In Venezuela, Colombia, Hayti, San Domingo, Bolivia, Nicaragua, and some of the other less advanced Latin-American countries, the entire family sometimes goes to war.

It happens this way: One of the civil wars, which are the normal features of politics in these countries, is in progress, and there is an urgent demand for troops by government and revolutionists alike. Both sides stick at nothing in order to get soldiers. They are not particular. Anybody who can carry a gun-man, woman or boy -will do.

A group of half-civilized Indians are tilling their fields or l'stening to a Jesuit priest in a little mission church in the heart of the jungle. A band of soldiers comes along, surrounds them, and marches them all off to fight for a cause about which they know and care absolutely nothing.
"But my wife, my boys, senor!" wails the peon to the commandante, who has captured him. "What is to become of them?"

Enlisting the Family.

The family troops up, weeping and Shrieking, and begs the officer to let the man go. The officer looks at them thought-

marches off to the front, happy and cheerful again. They make light of the hazard of war and the hardships of the campaign. There are no hardler people in the world than the Indians of Central America, Colombia and Venezuela. Even the women think nothing of marching thirty miles a day for weeks at a stretch over rough mountain tracks, carrying a rifle, a heavy cartridge belt, a machete and a pack-load of miscellaneous luggage.

Sometimes a guerrilla band will enlist all

the members of a family, from the youngest boy of ten to the grandfather of seventy. And they will march and fight side by side—husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son, uncles, aunts, cousins and

grandparents. During the recent civil war in Colombia, when the government was very hard press ed for troops, it was a common practice to surround country churches on Sunday and forcibly enlist the entire congregation, ex-cept old people and infants unable to

The armies with which President Castro has made his great fight against the Matos revolutionists in Venezuela comprise a large proportion of mere boys, whose ages range as low as eight and nine, and every com-pany of his soldiers has from a dozen to twenty women attached to it. They are generally Indians or mulattos and they march with the baggage train, armed to the teeth, when the troops are campaigning. Such women always accompany a Venezuelan or Colombian army into the field, and make themselves useful by supplying the troops with rum while they are under fire, stealing provisions for their bivouac and tending the wounded. On occasions, too, they will take their place in the firing line and fight as bravely as any man on

the field. How the Army Marches Home.

When I was in Caracas last January, Castro's army marched home in triumph after defeating the revolutionists a few days before Christmas.

There was a blare of trumpets, a discordant rattle of kettle drums, an earpiercing shriek from the fifes, and the army swung round the corner and marched up the street past my hotel.
First came the fife and bugle band, com-

posed of half a dozen ragged Indian boys, blowing a triumphal march for all they were worth. Behind them, riding proudly on a stolen mule, a copper-colored general carried a huge Venezuelan flag, its gaudy strips of red, blue and yellow flaunting

proudly in the sunlight.

He was dressed in a pair of tattered red "pants," with a broad gold stripe, a blue service blouse like that of the United States army, an old palm-leaf hat with ribbon of the Venezuelan colors twisted round it, and a pair of alpargattas—the native canvas sandal, which exposes the oes and heels

A Mauser rifle was slung over his shoulder, an Andino machete, with a gaily-colored scabbard hung on one side and a man go. The officer looks at them thought-fully, and sees that the boys are strapping while the belt around his waist contained



THE FAMILY OFF TO THE FRONT.

wife is a fine, strong woman. "No, I must take your man," he tells her, "but, if you like, you and the boys can come, too. They are strong enough to march and carry rifles, and you can help do the cooking for us and look after the

lads of twelve and fourteen, and that the

a heavy Smith & Wesson revolver and enough cartridges for a Maxim gun. The army followed in single file, generals and colonels marching along on the flanks in generous profusion. There was a field officer to every half dozen men, but you could hardly tell the field officers from the Castro's home in the Andes. He still shaves rank and file. It would be impossible to the president, as an addition to his military wounded."

So it comes about that the entire family where. The men looked as if they had Another friend of Castro's, an old Indian



been dragged through a cactus hedge, feet first, and then rolled in a mangrove swamp. The officers were dressed in odds and ends of uniform from nearly every army in the world. The rank and file made no pretense at uniform, but wore anything they hap-pened to have picked up. Some even went

The Indians, who made up the bulk of the army, wore their favorite alpargattas; but a few negroes and mulattos went barefooted. They all marched along sturdily at a swinging quickstep—almost a trot—although they had covered over thirty miles that day and gone through a fortnight's hard campaigning.

Each man carried a Mauser, a belt full of carridges, a machete or sword, and perhaps a blanket, a mess kettle and a tin pan. The Venezuelan soldier has to be his own commissariat service, or go without.

As the army filed past I was surprised to see the ranks full of youngsters. There were sceres of little boys, eight or ten years old, carrying cut-down Mausers, and stepping out as bravely and sturdily as the rest. An even stranger sight, to a foreigner's eyes, was a company of Indian and mulatto women, armed to the teeth, who marched along at the rear of the army with the haggage train.

Here and there a whole family marched together-women and men, boys and girls, all mixed up. There was no attempt to enforce military order. If the soldier liked to enjoy the society of his womanfolk and children on the march, the general indulged is domestic tastes. He didn't think it was

up to him to interfere. Indeed, it was good business for the republic, as all the members of the family were quite ready to fight whenever the need arose. They cost nothing to feed, for the army had no official commissariat. It lived on the country. The soldiers foraged for themselves, with the help of their children and womenfolk. Nearly every man in the force had a little loot to show, if it was only a skinny fowl or a small bunch of plantains slung on his Mauser rifle.

Quick Promotion for the Fighter.

The fortune of war often brings men to the front with surprising rapidity in these turbulent republics. The family which goes to war ragged and shoeless may, in a few short weeks or months, become one of the greatest in the land. Promotion is rapid for the good fighter. A man may be a rag-ged Indian peasant one year and a distinguished general the next.

When President Castro fought his way to supreme power in Venezuela, many men of no account went up on the crest of the wave with him. One of them, Gen. Louis Otalora, used to be the village barber at

matic Frenchwoman. Something of her

baleful influence he had seen and suspected

who had fought magnificently, was made minister of war. He immediately purchased a gorgeous uniform, with lots of gold and silver lace on it and then walked into his wife's room to show her his finery. She died on the spot. Her heart was weak, and the joy of seeing her lord and master so magnificently arrayed was too much for She had never seen him before in anything better than a ragged old sincek

and a pair of alpargattas. family troops are sometimes guilty of terrible atrocities, and the boys and women are often worse than the men. It is not unusual for a lad of fourteen or sixteen himself in battle or happens to be related to the president. One of the most noted guerrilla generals in Venezuela is under seven teen, and colonels and captains may yet be found even younger.

Boy Bandits.

Naturally, these youngsters, unrestrained by discipline and with practically absolute power to do as they like when campaigning, sometimes run amuck. In the streets of Barcelona, one of the principal towns of Venezuela, the other day one of Castio's young Indian officers was asked for a small coin by a little boy who begged in the streets. He drew his revolver and shot the

ooy dead on the spot. Next day two boy officers were walking along the street, when one of them taunted the other with being a bad shot. The latter lifted his carbine and fired at the head of a child who was looking out of a top-story window, killing it on the spot. Some foreigners accused these officers to General Velutini, Castro's right-hand man, but they were never punished. When they do such things in the streets of a crowded city, it is not difficult to imagine their behavior when they are out campaigning.

In Hayti, several years ago, the late Gen. Manigat, who was then little more than a boy, went through the streets of Jacmel with fifty ragged, barefooted negro soldiers at his back. As he put it, he was "suppressing a slight local disorder." In plain English, he was murdering half the people in sight. He said to his soldiers, "Shoot this man!" and "Shoot that woman!" until nearly a hundred people were left dead on the sidewalks.

The conduct of the women warriors is often too horrible to write about. They are riage showed evidences of an unbalanced their husbands or lovers have fallen in

Mr. Gruff-"Do you think that Pastor

Goodman always practices what he preaches?" Mrs. Gruff-"Ah my, yes! Mrs. Goodman

A VISIT TO ALTONA

The Ante-Bellum Home of Gen. Cassius Clay's Niece.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF OLD SOUTHERN HOMES.

The Varied Contents of This Historic Mansion Link the Past With the Present.

"The interesting sketches of the character and career of that redoubtable hero of independent thought and reckless courage, Cassius Marcellus Clay, which have recently appeared in the Star recalls to mind a most enjoyable visit to the home of another member of this illustrious family"remarked a cosmopolitan wayfarer now stopping in Washington.

While spending a few days at historic old Charles Town, in the beautiful Shenandoah valley, we drove out one morning to Altona, the ante-bellum home of Mrs. Davenport, the granddaughter of General Greene Clay of revolutionary fame, and the niece of the late Cassius Clay.

Altona, which is about a mile from the town, is located upon the top of a knoll and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding valley and the Blue Ridge beyond. It is one of the best preserved and most interesting old-time southern homes now extant. While kept in thorough repair there are no modern innovations, and as it now stands represents an ideal picture of the plantation home of days gone by. There still remains the enduring but most picturesque stone fence, winding here and there like a blue-gray serpent, dividing and sub-dividing farms and pasture lands; the arched gateway, festooned in graceful profusion with the clematis and rose; the long, deeply shaded avenue of lindens leading from the shaded avenue of lindens leading from the highway to the dismounting stone just to the right of the house; the quaint rose garden where the Martha Washington of pristine glory mingles its fragrance with the American beauty of today; the tall trellis richly embossed with royal purple and gorgeous scarlet clematis, intended to screen the back premises from the prying eyes of the too inquisitive. A few yards to the rear of the house still stands the generously proportioned but impregnable smoke house, and not far distant the dairy, laundry, carriage house, etc., while beyond laundry, carriage house, etc., while beyond these in a separate inclosure are yet to be seen the old slave quarters, where those servants in attendance upon the immediate home were domiciled. Back of this row of small but comfortably constructed houses is the old orchard, under whose trees the pickaninnies were wont to gather the golden-cheeked pippins, the juicy pears and the red heart cherries. And the old-time well with its swinging crane is there, too.

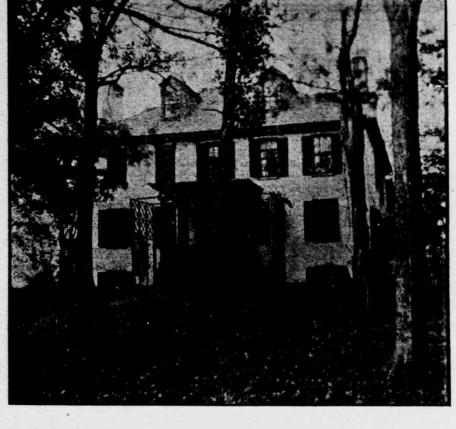
The Interesting Interior. "If you desire admission into this interesting old mansion you have but to lift and let fall the ponderous brass knocker which adorns the massive oak door. In the broad hallway you will find invitingly awaiting you the typical hair-cloth sofa, with its superfluity of spindle legs. The furniture in the parlor is upholstered with black broadcloth, embroidered in bouquets of gorgeous roses, which testify to the skill and industry of the mistress of the home. A cabinet in the corner is filled with souvenirs and curios gathered from almost all parts of the globe by different members of both branches of the family. We especially noted a dainty china cup decorated with the coat-of-arms of the House of Lorraine, from which the Davenports are directly descended. Among the family portraits which decorate the walls is a splen-did likeness of General Cassius Clay, taken

in the full prime of manhood. 'What a remarkably handsome man!" I involuntarily exclaimed.
"Yes," replied our hostess, "he was and

is still, notwithstanding his ninety years."
"Do you not think that his eccentric mar-

intellect? Gen. Cassius Clay's Only Fear.

"Not in the least. It was but the fancy of an old man for a pretty and young face. He used to often see the girl assisting with the work about the house, was attracted was only saying the other day that he practices his sermons a whole week in advance on his own family."—Yonkers Herald.



ALTONA, THE ANTE-BELLUM HOME OF MRS. DAVENPORT, NIECE OF GEN. CASSIUS CLAY.

only indication of mental aberration which he has ever evidenced is his morbid fear of the vendetta. For years he has firmly believed, notwithstanding all persuasion to the contrary, that a plot has been made to kill him. At times he even suspected his children of being implicated in the scheme to take his life, and if they happen to be saying at Whitehall at the time will insist upon their immediately leaving. The only person in whom his trust remains unshaken at all times is his body servant, a gray-haired old ex-slave, who has been his devoted attendant for years."

Old Portraits and Certificates.

Upon the walls of this historic mansion also hangs a modestly framed script which is of even more interest than those old portraits with their family legends. It is one of the original certificates of membership to the Society of Cincinnati, granted to Henry Bedinger, esq., of the commonwealth of Virginia and signed by George Washington, president, and Major General Knox, secretary, the society being formed for "the laudable purpose of inculcating the duty of laying down in peace arms assumed for public defense and uniting in acts of brotherly affection and bonds of perpetual friendship the members constituting the same." The first meeting of this most ex-clusive and aristocratic society (if such a term may fitly be applied to any truly American institution) was held in 1783 at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, the headquarters of Baron Sternberg, who presided at the meeting. The thirteen original states were all represented and membership limited to the oldest male posterity of the original members and officers of the American revo-This law of primogeniture still obtains, hence the society is most rigid in questions involving membership—only those being admitted who can establish without doubt the fact that in their veins flows the blood of one of those officers who fought for the establishment of the independence of America. It was in honor of this society that the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, was named, her chief founders being members of same.
The certificate which hangs upon the walls

at Altona entitles to membership the son of Major George Michael Bedinger, an officer of unquestioned courage and daring, who rendered valuable service during the revolution as an Indian spy. Henry Bedinger himself was our representative to Mr. Davenport, came into possession of the certificate by right of inheritance. All the objects of historic interest with

ever, confined to the interior of the manor house. Not twenty yards from the dwelling is a row of white mulberry trees, the like of which are possibly nowhere to be found in this country. They were planted by the original owner of Altona at the time when the first experiments in silk raising were being so enthusiastically attempted throughout the country. Mr. Davenport succeeded in successfully raising a large number of the cocoons and even shipped a quantity of raw silk to Europe, but as there was some trouble in disposing of it satisfactorily the industry was abandoned and the mulberry trees allowed to attain their present magnificent proportions undisturbed by future depredation of the humble little spinners.

Ruins of St. George's Chapel.

which sweeps up the knoll is to be seen the remains of St. George's Chapel, the most interesting and remarkable ruins of which our new country can boast. In an open field, bespecked with blue thistle, stands the ivy-covered walls of what at one time was accounted a grand structure. Its foundation antedates the memory of the oldest inhabitants of the valley, but the site is generally believed to have been donated by Lord Fairfax. The walls, twenty inches in thickness, were constructed of blue limestone quarried in the vicinity, while the other material was brought pre-sumably from England. The window and door frames were of cedar and the high-back pews and projecting pulpit of oak elaborately carved. Scattered here and there through the churchyard are still to be found fragments of tombstones which once marked the graves where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Doubtless President Washington and his brothers have often worshiped in this chapel, as it was unquestionably the first Episcopal Church erected in the Shenandoah valley. This venerable pile stands just as it did half a century ago, defying alike time and the memory of man.

Historical Associations.

There are likewise interesting historical associations of a later date connected with the broad acres constituting the fields and pasture lands of this ante-bellum home. For during the civil war both federal and confederate forces bivouaced on the grounds. Jackson's signal corps was en-



St. George Ch. pel, Charlesto. n, W. Va. camped nearby, and upon the top of the knoll, to the right of the dwelling, Patter-son's cavalry awaited the result of the

battle of Bull Run.
It took years of untiring industry and good management to repair the havoc and devastation of those four years of warfare. But it has been done, and now Altona, con verted into an experimental stock farm, is successfully supplying the southern mar-kets with western beef. Where once marched and counter-marched the troops n blue and the troops in gray now peace fully graze the cattle upon the thousand

By following for half a mile the pike

soon as he could change to riding dress. The last seen of the little command was

the glinting of the starlight on the gun bar-

rels as they forded the rippling stream and

It was then a little after 10 o'clock. The

wire to Prescott was still unresponsive

Nothing had been heard from the linesmen and their escort, indicating that the break

was probably far over as the Agua Fria. Not a sign, except Stout's signal blazes at

the picacho, had been gathered from the front. Camp Sandy was cut off from the

world, and the actual garrison left to guard the post and protect the women, children

and the sick as 11 o'clock drew nigh, was exactly forty men of the fighting force.

It was believed that Stout's couriers would make the homeward run, very nearly, by the route the pack train took throughout the day, and if they succeeded in evading

hostile scouts or parties, would soon appear about some of the breaks of the upper

Beaver. Thither, therefore, with all pos-sible speed Plume had directed his men,

promising Mrs. Sanders, as he rode away, that the moment a runner was encountered he would send a light rider at the gallop,

on his own good horse—that not a moment should be lost in bearing them the news.

But midnight came without a sign. Long before that hour, as though by common

impulse, almost all the women of the gar-rison had gathered about Truman's quar-

ters, now the northernmost of the row and in plain view of the confluence of the Sandy

and the Beaver. Dr. Graham, who had been swinging to and fro between the lim-

its of the Shaughnessys' and the hospital

stopped to speak with them a moment and

gently drew Angela to one side. His grave

and rugged face was sweet in its tender-ness as he looked down into her brimming

eyes. "Can you not be content at home, my child?" he murmured. "You seem like

one of my own bairns, Angela, now that your brave father is afield, and I want to

have his bonnie daughter looking her best against the home coming. Surely Aunt

Janet will bring you the news the moment any comes, and I'll bid Kate Sanders bide

ley of the Beaver.

failed him as he read:

With Indian for guide we succeeded in reaching him second night, but are now surrounded, nearly out of ammunition and rations. Three more of our party are wounded and one, Trooper Kent, killed. If not rushed can hold out perhaps three days more, but Wren sorely needs surgical aid. (Signed) "BLAKELY."
That was all. The bugologist with his

one orderly, and apparently without the Apache Yuma scouts, had gone straightway to the rescue of Wren. Now all were cut off and surrounded by a wily foe that counted on, sooner or later, overcoming and annihilating them, and even by the time the Indian runner slipped out (some faithful spirit won by Blakely's kindness and humanity when acting agent), the defense had been reduced just one-half. Thank God that Stout with his supplies and stalwart followers was not more than two days' march away, and was going straightway to

undred came drifting back to the garrison, and even then some few of the watchers were along the bluff. Janet Wren, having at last seen pale-faced, silent Angela to her room and bed, with Kate Sanders on guard, had again gone forth to extract such further information as Maj. Plume might have. Even at that hour men were at work in the corrals, fitting saddles to half a dozen spare horses—about all that were left at the post -and Miss Wren learned that Col. Byrne, with an orderly or two, had remained at Arnold's ranch-that Arnold himself, with six horsemen from the post, was to set forth at 4, join the colonel at dawn, and together all were to push forward on the trail of Stout's command, hoping to overtake them by nightfall. She whispered this to sleepless Kate on her return to the house, for Angela, exhausted with grief and

But the end of that eventful night was not yet. Arnold and his sextet slipped away soon after 4 o'clock, and about 4:50 there came a banging at the major's door. It was the telegraph operator. The wire was patched at last, and the first message fired on in Cherry Creek canon-that Private Forrest was sorely wounded and lying at Dick's deserted ranch, with two of their number to care for him. Could they possibly send a surgeon at once?

There was no one to go but Graham.

in ten minutes. "Punch ain't there, sir," said he. "He's been gone over half an

Graham in amaze.
"Gone with Miss Angela, sir. She saddled him herself and rode away not twenty

AN APACHE PRINCESS-AUTHOR OF A DAUGHTER OFTHE STOUX &C

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the first faint flush of dawn the little train of pack mules, with the rations for the beleaguered command at Sunset Pass, was started on its stony path. Once out of the valley of the Beaver it must clamber over range after range and stumble through deep and tortuous canons. A road there was-the old trail by Snow lake, thence through the famous pass and the Sunset crossing of the Colorado Chiquito to old Fort Wingate. It wormed its way out of the valley of the broader stream some miles further to the north and in face of the Red Rock country to the northeast, but it had not been traveled in safety for a year. Both Byrne and Plume believed it beset with peril, watched from ambush by invisible foes who could be relied upon to lurk in hiding until the train was within easy range, then, with sudden volley, to pick off the officers and prominent sergeants, and, in the inevitable confusion, aided by their goatlike agility, to make good their escape. Thirty sturdy soldiers of the infantry under a veteran captain marched as escort with Plume's orders to push through to the relief of Sergt. Brewster's command, and to send back Indian runners with full account of the situation. The relief of Wren's company accomplished, the next thing was to search for Wren himself, then a determined effort to find Blakely, and all the time to keep a lookout for Sanders' troop that must be somewhere north of Chevlon's Fork as well as for the two or three little through the unblazed wilderness, under the personal direction of the general himself. Capt. Stout and his party were out of sight up ing came peering over the jagged heights to the east, and looking in upon a garrison whose eyes were equally red and bleary through lack of sleep—a garrison worn and haggard through anxiety and distress gravely augmented by the events of the night. All Sandy had been up and astir within five minutes after Norah Shaugh-nessy's startling cry, and all Sandy asked with bated breath the same question: How on earth happened it that this wounded waif of the Apaches, this unknown Indian girl, dropped senseless at their doorway in the dead hours of the night, should have in her possession the very scarf worn by Mrs. Plume's nurse-companion, the French woman Elise, as she came forth with her

her hope, forever? Prominent among those who had hasten-ed down to Sudsville, after the news of this discovery had gone buzzing through the line of officers' quarters, was Janet

mistress to drive away from Sandy, as was

bade them remain indoors. She would investigate, she said, and bring them all in-

Dozens of the men were still hovering about old Shaughnessy's quarters as the tall, gaunt form of the captain's sister came stalking through the crowd, making straight for the doorway. The two senior officers, Byrne and Plume, were, in low tones, interrogating Norah. Plume had shown the scarf and promptly seconded Norah. He knew it at once-knew that, as Elise came forth that dismal morning and passed under the light in the hall, she had this very scarf round her throatthis that had been found upon the person of a wounded and senseless girl. He remembered now that as the sun climbe nigher and the air grew warmer the day of their swift flight to Prescott, Elise had thrown open her traveling sack, and he noticed that the scarf had been discarded. He did not see it anywhere about the Concord, but that proved nothing. She might easily have slipped it into her bag under the cushons of the seat. Both he and Byrne, therefore, watched with no little interest when, after a brief glance at the feverish and wounded Indian girl, moaning in the cot in Mrs Shaughnessy's room, Miss Wren returned to the open air, bearing the scarf with her. One moment she studied it, under the dull gleam of the lantern of the sergeant of the guard, and then slowly

"Gentlemen I have seen this worn by Elise and I belive I know how it came to find its way back here—and it does not brighten the situation. From our plazza, the morning of Major Plume's start for Prescott, I could plainly see Downs hanging about the wagon. It started suddenly, as perhaps you remember, and as it rolled away something went fluttering to the ground behind. Everybody was looking after the Concord at the mount of the property of the p ter the Concord at the moment—everybody but Downs, who quickly stooped, picked up the thing, and turned hurriedly away. I believe he had this scarf when he deserted and that he has fallen into the hands of

the Apaches." Byrne looked at the post commander without speaking. The color had mounted one moment to the major's face, then left him pallid as before. The hunted, haggard, weary look about his eyes had deepened. That was all. The longer he lived, the longer he served about this woebegone spot in mid Arizona, the more he realized the influence for evil that handmaid of Shaltan seemed to exert over his vain, shallow, yet beautiful and beloved wife. Against it he had wrought and pleaded in vain. Elise had been with them since her babyhood, was his wife's almost indignant reply. Elise had been faithful to her—devoted to her all her life. Elise was indispensable; the only being that kept her from going mad with home sickness and misery in that God-forsaken clime.

before ever they came to their exile, but here at Sandy with full force he realized the extent of her machinations. Clarice was not the woman to go prowling about the quarters in the dead hours of the night, no matter how nervous and sleepless at home. Clarice was not the woman to be having back-door conferences with the servants of other households, much less the 'striker' of an officer with whose name hers, as a maiden, had once been linked. He recalled with a shudder the events of the recalled with a shudder the events of the night that sent the soldier Mullins to hospital, robbed of his wits, if not of his life. He recalled with dread the reluctant admissions of the doctor and of Captain Wren. Sleep-walking, indeed! Clarice never elsewhere at any time had shown somnambulistic symptoms. It was Elise beyond doubt who had lured her forth for some purpose he could neither foil nor fathom. It was Elise who kept up this discreditable and mysterious commerce with Downs—something that had culminated in the could be something that had culminated be something that nated in the burning of Blakely's home, with who knows what evidence-something that had terminated only with Downs' mad desertion and probable death. All this and more went flashing through his mind as Miss Wren finished her brief and significant story, and it dawned upon him that to him and to her whom he loved and whose honor he cherished-was anything but a calamity, a thing to mourn.

Too generous to say the words, he yet turned with lightened heart and met Byrne's searching eyes, then those of Miss Wren now fixed upon him with austere challenge, as though she would say the flight and fate of this friendless soldier were crimes to be laid only at his door. Byrne saw the instant distress in his comrade's face, and, glancing from him to her almost in the same instant saw the incit-ing cause. Byrne had one article of faith if he lacked the needful thirty-nine. Wo-men had no place in official affairs, no right to meddle in official matters, and what he said on the spur of his rising re-sentment was intended for her, though spoken to him. "So Downs skipped eastward, did he, and the Apaches got him! Well, Plume, that saves us a hanging." And Miss Wren turned away in wrath unspeakable.

That Downs had "skipped eastward" re-ceived further confirmation with the coming day, when Wales Arnold rode into the fort from a personally conducted scout up the Beaver. Riding out with Captain Stout's party, he had paid a brief visit to his, for the time, abandoned ranch, and was surprised to find there, unmolested, the two persons and all the property be the two persons and all the property he had left the day he hurried wife and househad left the day he hurried wife and household to the shelter of the garrison. The two persons were half-breed Jose and his Hualpai squaw. They had been with the Arnolds five long years, were known to all the Apaches, and had ever been in highest favor with them because of the liberality with which they dispensed the largesse of their employer. Never went an Indian empty-stomached from their door. All the stock Wales had time to gather he had driven in to Sandy. All they was left Long. driven in to Sandy. All that was left Jose had found and corraled. Just one quadruped was missing—Arnold's old mustar saddler, Dobbin. Jose said he had bee gone from the first and with him an old bridle and saddle. No Indian took him, said he. It was a soldier. He had found "government boot tracks" in the sand. Then Downs and Dobbin had gone together, but only Dobbin might they ever look

post on a bee-line to the northeast, a sharp, rocky peak just high enough above the fringing pines and cedars to be distinctly visible by day from the crest of the near est foothills west of the flagstaff. Along the sunset face of this gleaming picacho there was a shelf or ledge that had often been used by the Apaches, for signaling purposes; the renegades communicating with their kindred about the agency up the Invisible from the level of Camp Sandy, these fires by night or smoke and flashes by day, reached only those for whom they were intended—the Apaches at the reservation; but Stout, who had known the neighborhood since '65, had suggested that lookouts equipped with binoculars be placed on the high ground back of the post. Inferior to the savage in the craft, we had no code of smoke, fire or, at that time, even sun-flash signal, but it was arranged that one blaze was to mean "unmolested thus one blaze was to mean "unmolested thus far;" two blazes, a few yards apart, would mean "important news by runner." In the latter event Plume was to push out forty or fifty men in dispersed order to meet and drums of the Eighth turned out and beginned the fifth that the content of the runner in case he should have reached the picacho at dusk, and now it was nearly 9 and not a glimmer of fire had been seen at the appointed rendezvous. Nine passed and 9:15, and at 9:30 the fifes and drums of the Eighth turned out and beginned that have reached the picacho at dusk, and now it was nearly 9 and not a glimmer of fire had been seen at the appointed rendezvous. and protect the runner in case he should be followed or possibly headed off by hostile tribesmen. Only six Indian allies had marked suspicion and disfavor. They, too,

partment headquarters. At meridian, however, there came a lull, and at 2 p.m. a break. Somewhere to the west the line was snapped and down. At 2:15 two lines-men galloped forth to find and repair damages, half a dozen "doughboys" on a buckboard going as guard. Otherwise all day long no soldier left the post, and when darkness settled down the anxious oper-ator, seated at his keyboard, was still unable to wake the spirit of the gleaming copper thread that spanned the westward All Sandy was wakeful, out on the broad parade, or the officers' verandas, and gaz-

ing as one man or woman at the bold, black upheaval a mile behind the post, at whose summit twinkled a tiny star, a single lan-tern, telling of the vigil of Plume's watchbegan the long, weird complaint of the tat-too. Nobody wished to go to bed. Why not sound reveille and let them sit up all night, gone with Stout and he had eyed them with if they chose? It was far better than tossing sleepless through the long hours to the



were Apache Yumas. The day wore on slowly, somberly. All sound of life, melody or merriment had died out at Camp Sandy.

dawn. It was nearly time for the parade and all Sandy started to its feet. All on a sudden the spark at the lookout bluff began violently to dance, and a dozen men tore out of carrison eager to hear the this discovery had gone buzzing through the line of officers' quarters, was Janet Wren. Kate Sanders was staying with Angela, for the girls seemed to find comfort in each other's presence and society. Both had roused at sound of the clamp of the blessed memories of her and were up and half dressed when a passing hospital attendant hurriedly shouted to Miss Wren the tidings. The girls, too, words and deeds of this flighty, melodramout to the part of the langer of the langer of the langer of the part of the line of officers' quarters, was Janet Wren. Kate Sanders was staying with and like many a stronger man, Plume had solded out at Camp Sandy. Sobs and tears wound up each interview to see again.

It had been arranged between Byrne and cloud of disaster hung over the garrison. Only at rare intervals some feminine shape filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some filted along the line of deserted to its feet. All on a sudden the spark at the lookout bluff began violently to dance, and a dozen men to remain the plant and the clamp of the section of the some filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some feminine shape filted along the line of deserted verandas—some woman on a mission of mercy to some bluff began violently to its development and the long of the sound of the some filted along the lough of the some filted along the line of the some filted along the

with you!"

No. she would not—she could not go home. Like every other soul in all Camp Sandy she seemed to long to be just there. Some few had even gone out further, beyond the sentries, to the point of the low bluff, and there, chatting only in whispers, huddled together, listening in anxiety inexpressible for the muffled sound of galloping hoofs on soft and sandy shore. No, she dare not, for within the four walls of she dare not, for within the four walls of that little white room what dreams and visions had the girl not seen? and, wakening shuddering, had clung to faithful Kate and sobbed her heart out in those clasping, tender, loyal arms. No beauty, indeed, was Kate, as even her fond mother ruefully admitted, but there was that in her great, gentle, unselfish heart that made her beloved by one and all. Yet Kate had pleaded with Angela in vain. Some strange, forceful mood had seized the girl and steeled and strengthened her against even Janet ed and strengthened her against even Janet Wren's authority. She would not leave the little band of watchers. She was there when, toward half-past twelve, at last the message came. Plume's own horse came tearing through the flood, and panting, reeking, trembling into their midst, and his rider, little Fifer Lanigan of Company "C." sprang from saddle and thrust his dispatch into Truman's outstretched hand. With women and children crowding about him, and men running to the scene from ed and strengthened her against even Janet

ing forth his fifty rescuers, and with them, impatient for tidings from the far front, went Byrne, the major himself following as soon as he could change to riding dress.

by hostiles. Corp. Welch shot through left side—serious. Threw out skirmishers and drove them off after some firing, and about 9:20 came suddenly upon Indian boy crouching among rocks, who held up folded paper. We shall, of course, turn toward Snow Lake, taking boy as guide. March at 3 a.m. Will do everything possible to reach Wren on time.

(Signed) "STOUT, Commanding." Within was another slip, grimy and with dark stains. And Truman's voice well-nigh

"November -th.

"C. O. Camp Sandy:
"Through a friendly Apache who was with me at the reservation I learned that Capt. Wren was lying wounded, cut off from his troop and with only four of his men, in a canon southwest of Snow Lake.

It was nearly 2 when Plume and his half-

long suspense, had fallen apparently into deep and dreamless slumber.

was to the effect that the guard had been His patients at the post were doing fairly well, but there wasn't a horse for him to ride. "No matter," said he, "I'll borrow Punch. He's needing exercise these days." So Punch was ordered man-saddled and brought forthwith. The orderly came back

"Gone? Gone where? Gone how?" asked minutes after Arnold's party left. The sen-tries say she followed up the Beaver."

To be continued Monday.)